

the great and most important of the publications of the year. The author of the *London Musical Magazine* is a man of education, and a good man, but he is not a man of much literary skill, or of much literary knowledge, and all that he writes is full of errors and of quite useless and trivial matter. He has made himself a name, and he is to be pitied, as he is a good man.

THE MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

NO. XLIII.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1840.

BIOGRAPHY.

NICOLÒ PAGANINI.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THE MUSICAL MAGAZINE.]

[Continued from page 254.]

Since the year 1828, the history of Paganini's life has been trumpeted so much all over Europe, that we need be very short, and may content ourselves by merely noticing the more prominent events of his life. He traveled through all the larger cities of Germany; thence to France, where his appearance created an unexampled excitement; and thence to England. In England too he had unheard-of success, and the mystic cloud that spread around his whole appearance recalled to life many wonderful stories. The English accused him of an indomitable passion for the fair sex; and many anecdotes of his early years were told to prove this, and to unravel what else was mysterious in his life. We know how little truth is in all these stories. However, his departure from England in 1834, in company with a young girl, seemed to dispel all doubts of the truth of these fables. Like a cry of triumph it rang through all Europe, that Paganini had carried off a young girl from London; and that this furnished proof that the aspersions which were thrown upon his character were true, and made all the stories of his former life at

least very probable. The newspapers had the whole story from the mouth of the father of the girl, a Mr. Watson. They said that Mr. Watson had always made the necessary arrangements for Paganini's concerts, and for that purpose traveled with him to Paris, Brussels, &c., and had taken care of him in his own house, when he was sick in London. But when Paganini had left London, Mr. Watson's daughter, then sixteen years of age, had also disappeared. The father searches for her, but does not find her; at last he learns that Paganini had taken passage to Boulogne sur mer.* Watson hurries after him, and meets him there, very much frightened. He claims the assistance of the English consul, who aids him with his authority. He goes with some police officers to the custom-house, and when his daughter arrived, she is received by the enraged father, instead of the lover. Paganini's servant attempts to do what he can for his master, but in vain. The good child repents of her step, and says she took it out of love for her father, for Paganini had promised to marry her, with a dowry of £4000. This whole story bears evidence of being highly wrought; but some facts in it were too undeniable not to give it a great appearance of truth. Paganini, therefore, stated all the circumstances of the case in the French newspapers; and from this statement we learn another very estimable trait in his character. He says in this declaration; "I should be not a little astonished at the accusation of seduction, if I had not been accustomed, for a long time, to find myself attacked on my travels by the basest calumnies, and received at the same time with the greatest applause." He accuses Mr. Watson of maltreating the child, and of ingratitude towards himself, as he had liberated him from the debtor's prison, by paying £45, and had given a concert for the benefit of his daughter, which produced a net profit of £120. "This daughter," he says, "is a talented singer, hitherto only instructed in singing popular songs. He intended to improve her condition, and to cultivate her talent, and she had gone with him, not from love, but from being tired of the perpetual wrangling in her father's house. If he had had the least thought of seducing her, he might have effected his purpose much more safely at the time when her father was in the debtor's prison." He concludes, "I herewith publicly declare, that my behavior has been without blemish, my intentions have been honorable, without selfishness, and corresponding to those ideas of morality and religion, which grant protection to the oppressed. In all that has happened in regard to this young girl, not

a single thought troubles my conscience." To this vigorous refutation of the charge of bad intentions there was not a single word of reply on the part of the accusers; and who would further dare to doubt Paganini's statement? We have told the whole story, in detail, only to protect from future aspersions the memory of a man, whose reputation will last through all the history of his art, and who is in every respect a hero of it.

After his trip to England he returned through France to Italy, where he bought, in 1834, the villa Gajona, near Parma, which he has not since left; the public scandal arising from the accusation by Mr. Watson, having given him an antipathy to all further travelling. In Italy he performed in several cities; in Parma, on the 14th November, 1834, for the benefit of the poor; and in Placenza, a few weeks afterwards, for the same object. In 1835 he stopped in Genoa, his native city, for several months, but gave no concert, as the cholera was raging there at that time. His enemies spread the report that he had died of it, and in the *Journal des Debats* of the 14th September, 1835, there appeared a formal obituary, not very flattering to him; while he was alive and in good health and spirits, at Milan. The duchess of Parma made him, in 1836, intendant of her theatre.

These are the chief events in the life of this great and remarkable man. We cannot, however, close our article without giving a sketch of his person, his manner of playing, and his moral and artistical character; the latter, partly from our own intercourse with him, and partly from the numerous opinions of others which we have had opportunity to hear. Paganini is very thin, and his complexion is sallow, but his features are strongly marked; the eyes glow with a dark though somewhat faded fire, the eyebrows are of a sombre hue, the forehead is high, and surrounded by black hair, flowing in long locks; the nose has a Roman curve. Around his lips plays a strange, and sometimes a demoniac smile; but still, on the whole, his expression is, especially when seen near, very good natured. We cannot deny, however, that the whole appearance of Paganini, his gaunt figure, his pale face, his soft, slow gait, and his extraordinary outward bearing, have a striking effect, even before he has given us an idea of his art. Before touching his violin he appears so broken down, so exhausted and feeble, that we think he will sink down, unable to keep his feet. But as soon as his bow touches the strings, an electric spark as it were, passes through him, giving him new powers of life;

the relaxed muscles are braced up again with an incredible power, he draws the bow with an inconceivable rapidity and boldness ; sometimes indeed so energetically, that he seems to cleave the air as with a sword. The fingers of the left hand are placed on the finger-board with an iron firmness—in short, a new Promethean fire runs through his veins. These moments of weakness and strength, this inspired state of the Pythian Divinity, are, however, dearly bought, on account of the subsequent exhaustion, which seldom allows the artist to play a whole evening, without interruption. He is generally obliged to rest after the first Allegro ; and at the close of a Concert, he is entirely exhausted. It is difficult to describe his performances intelligibly, to those who have not heard him. He is perfectly master of the mechanical power of the instrument, and to a degree that no other virtuoso before him has attained. What other artists consider the greatest triumphs of their proficiency, is for him only the plain road, along which he constantly travels. If, therefore, the performances of other virtuosos may be compared to the average height of the mountain, to which they rise above the plain of commonplace acquirement, Paganini stands out from among this chain of mountains, like a single wonderful mountain head, reaching beyond the clouds, which hide to human eyes the measure of its height. Thus the highest peaks around him only become the base, from which he begins to rise into the free regions of his own individual genius. But it is not only the perfection of the mechanism that gives him this enchanting mastership over the instrument, it is also his innate, truly artistical spirit, penetrating into the deepest mysteries of the beautiful, and thus opening to us a romantic world. We say, intentionally, a *romantic* world, because Paganini's style has essentially this character. The only charge that might be brought against him, is, that he has not, what is generally called, a pure style, not that he is a "charlatan," as Sievers calls him, in the *Cæcilia*. It is, indeed, strange that a man like Sievers, (who is not the least among our musical connoisseurs and critics, and certainly pretends to be prominent,) judges thus of a master like Paganini.

After having expressly called him a "charlatan," he continues, in his *Cæcilia*, volume vii., page 250: "His (Paganini's) long, lean figure, his prosaically regular face, his long hair hanging down on his shoulders, all indicate the sedate man, having his worldly advantage before his eyes. He does not feel the excitement of genius, but only that of the purse. He therefore does not venture upon the

ice, but only puts one foot upon it, and draws it quickly back, when he finds that he might possibly break down. Paganini is, then, neither in the true art, nor in charlatanism, so sublime as Boucher; nay, some of his compositions may be found, which are quite tolerable, for instance, his military sonata on the *g* string. He has power too, but his graceful embellishments are often unintelligible, and without meaning, and even like boys' play. Boucher wants nothing to make him a violinist, but that he is a charlatan; Paganini nothing to make him a charlatan, but that he is a violinist. Paganini is a silhouette of Boucher. There is method in Boucher's craziness; but it is altogether wanting in Paganini's. His playing on the *g* string shows persevering practice; but still the last finish is wanting; it is the same with his octaves, although he plays them materially better than any other violinist. Nay, he even plays octave shakes; but they do not always succeed. In one word, Paganini is nothing complete; neither in the serious, nor in the barock style. He does not satisfy us in any point, for no where has he perfection. He has remained his own pupil," &c. Whoever has heard Paganini, and has only a partial knowledge of the art, will know how to estimate the value of this criticism of Sievers, although it has found many an echo. The public has long ago pronounced a different decision. Sievers wrote it from Rome, before Paganini came to Germany; but we most certainly believe that Gottfried Weber, after having heard Paganini himself, must repent having inserted it in his Magazine.

However, we will enter a little deeper into it, in order to refute it. First, the demand of a pure style, of a fixed manner in Paganini's playing appears, when we consider the whole nature of this artist, as inadmissible, as though we would reproach Jean Paul for not having written in Goethe's pure, refined style. Every one, to whom art is not a good externally acquired, must develope in it, and imprint upon it his own individuality; it is only to imitative talent, and not to self-creating genius, therefore, that the way can be prescribed, which they have to take by æsthetic principles. Life and art exert a reciprocal power over each other; and this is the case in a very high degree with Paganini. His character, which we have now to defend against the attacks above mentioned, is the key to the mysteries of his art, and the latter alone explains to us in a sufficient manner the contradictions and singularities in his individuality. We might say that the different fractions of the functions of the mind, as well as of the soul, with him, all resolve themselves into the general denomina-

tor of music. Even the stronger passions which govern him, as, for instance, that for gambling, and that Italian kind of sensually spiritual love, are yet interwoven by secret ties of music, and remain obedient to the art. Without this power of the art penetrating his whole spiritual system, it would be impossible that he could have this entire mastership in the art, or rather that he could thus identify himself with it. But it fills his whole inner man so entirely, that it almost wholly withdraws him from all other duties of life, blunting his perceptions for them to a degree, which can only be the case with men, who follow one single impulse and direction of the whole being, driven by the most intense inward necessity. Thus such individuals become strangers in the most ordinary relations of social life; being exceptions to the general law, they lose the power and ability to subject themselves to general rules. And, strictly considered, those to whom on an average degree practical abilities and qualifications are given, have no claim on or right to these separate results, that stand out from the midst of them. The well-cultivated mind should think so at least, aided by experience, which must teach us, that every extraordinary genius, be he a général, an artist, a statesman, or a poet, makes his own laws for his own sphere, and breaks and steps through the barriers, which are opposed to common minds. This certainty always produces conflicts, which often seriously injure both parties. Whoever would look to Paganini for the man of business, for the husband, the father, the friend, would find himself always disappointed, although he hides within himself a deep feeling for the last named beautiful relation; for in life it depends upon a practical execution of a thousand individual duties to realize the idea of a relation, which often glows in the artist with more life than in him, who is made of more common materials. We cannot, therefore, to this hour, approve of the nomination of Paganini as intendant of a theatre; nay, we cannot conceive how he could accept it, if it was anything more than a mere formality, to bind the artist to a fixed place.

In this connection, also, the avarice, for which Paganini is blamed, the "excitement of the purse," which alone he is said to feel, must be considered. We would assert at once, Paganini is not avaricious, but shows himself an entire stranger in all, that the world has adopted in general definitions, as proper and decent in relation to monetary affairs. We are aware that a thousand examples will be opposed to us, proving this mean quality of the artist; they would,

however, carry conviction to us only in case they were not related of Paganini, but of a common man. And we might relate as many instances, speaking for us; nay, even for the prodigality of the man. He who, like Paganini, risks thousands at the pharo table; causing, in spite of his easily made money, often the most oppressive embarrassments; he who, like him, does not know when to stop spending his money, where his passion for a female being comes into play; he who, like him, can at any time, by the exertion of one single hour, gather so rich golden fruit, and yet often for months, from mere artistic caprice, does not touch the magic wand, with which he raises the treasures; he who, like him, can work for the poor, but lay idle for himself for weeks, who can buy prodigals, who have no feeling of gratefulness, off from the debtor's prison, and perform other acts of that kind, is, certainly, not avaricious, and assuredly has feelings for something more than mere money; though he might have been seen in anger thousands and thousands of times for a single cent, and though he might, in spite of all entreaties, never have given a free ticket. All this only proves that he is as much a stranger to receiving and to paying out money, as he is to any other occupation not connected with his art.

[To be continued.]

THE MESSIAH AND THE CREATION.

(FROM THE DIAL.)

[The comparison between Handel's *Messiah* and Haydn's *Creation*, of which we gave in our last number a few lines extract, is so true and beautiful, that we think it will be a gratification to our readers to have the whole of it.—ED.]

Handel seems to have monopolized the one subject for an *Oratorio*, *Humanity's anticipation of its Messiah*. This properly is the one theme of all pure music; this is the mysterious promise which it whispers; this is the hope with which it fills us as its tones seem to fall from the blue sky, or to exhale through the earth's pores from its secret, divine fountains. Music is the aspiration, the yearnings of the heart to the Infinite. It is the prayer of faith, which has no fear, no weakness in it. It delivers us from our actual bondage; it buoys us up above our accidents, and wafts us on waves of melody to the heart's ideal home. This longing of the heart, which is a permanent fact of human life, and with which all know how to sym-

pathize, has received its most perfect historical form in the Jewish expectation of a Messiah. The prediction and coming of Jesus stand as a type forever of the divine restlessness, the prophetic yearning of the heart of humanity. Has any poet found words for this feeling to match with those of the Psalmist and prophéts of old? With wonderful judgment Handel called out the noblest of those grand sentences, and constructed them into a complete and epic unity. They are almost the only words we know, which do not limit the free, world-permeating, ever-shifting, Protean genius of music. Words, the language of thoughts, are too definite, and clip the wings and clog the graceful movements of this unresting spirit: she chants forgetfulness of limits, and charms us along with her to the Infinite; she loves to wander through the vague immense, and seems every where at once; then only is she beautiful. With the growth of the musical taste, therefore, one acquires a more and more decided preference for instrumental music rather than song; music *pure*, rather than music wedded with another art, which never can be quite congenial. We prefer a Beethoven's Symphony to anything ever sung, with the single exception of Handel's *Messiah*. In that the words seem one with the music,—as eternal, as sublime, as universal and impersonal. They set no limit to the music, but contain in themselves seeds of inexhaustible harmonies and melodies. We could not spare a word, or suffer any change. "*The Messiah*" always must have meaning to all men, it is so impersonal. Its choruses are the voice of all humanity. Its songs are the communion of the solitary soul with the Infinite. But there is no Duet or Trio in it, no talking of individual with individual. Either it is the sublime of the soul merged in the multitude, or it is the sublime of the soul alone with God. And then its depth of sadness!—from such depths alone could roll those mighty ocean-choruses of triumph, the "*Hallelujah*" chorus, the "*Wonderful*" chorus, and "*Worthy the Lamb*." "*The Messiah*" will always stand, in its stern simplicity, as one of the adopted of Nature.

How different "*The Creation!*" We are in another element, with another man, with Haydn, that sunny, genial, busy nature. If with Handel all is unity, grandeur, bold simplicity, universality; here all is variety, individuality, profusion of detail. If with Handel it is aspiration to the Unknown, here it is description of the Known. If one forebodes another world, the other lovingly reflects the hues of this world. Handel with bold hand sketches gigantic shadows,

which lose themselves in infinite space. With Haydn everything is happily planned within the limits of certainty, and conscientiously and gracefully finished. It is the perfection of art. A work of Haydn's is a Grecian temple ; there it stands, complete in itself and fully executed, and suggests no more. A work of Handel's, (still more of Beethoven's,) is a Gothic cathedral, which seems never finished, but becoming, growing, yearning and striving upwards, the beginning only of a boundless plan, whose consummation is in another world. We enjoy with Haydn the serene pleasure of doing things, the ever fresh surprise of accomplishment. With him we round off and finish one thing after another, and look upon it and pronounce it good ; but we do not lift our eyes away and yearn for what is beyond. Constant, cheerful activity was the element of Haydn. Hence the Creation was the very subject for the man ; his whole nature chose it for him. In "*The Creation*" the instrumental accompaniments are prominent, and the voices secondary. The orchestra weaves the picture ; the voices but hint its meaning. Literal description of nature is carried even too far in it. Beautiful and surprising as those imitations are, of Chaos, and the birth of Light, and rolling ocean, and smooth meadows, and brooks, and birds, and breezes, monsters of the deep and of the forest, and insects sparkling like gold dust in the sunny air,—yet often they seem too mechanical and curious, and out of the province of Art, which should breathe the pervading spirit of Nature, as a whole, and not copy too carefully the things that are in it. Whoever has studied the *Pastoral Symphony*, or the *Pastoral Sonata* of Beethoven, will feel the difference between music which flows from an inward feeling of nature, from a common consciousness (as it were) with nature, and the music which only copies, from without, her single features. These pieces bring all summer sensations over you, but they do not let you identify a note or a passage as standing for a stream, or a bird. They do not say ; look at this or that, now imagine nightingales, now thunder, now mountains, and now sunspots chasing shadows ; but they make you feel as you would if you were lying on a grassy slope in a summer's afternoon, with the melancholy leisure of a shepherd swain, and these things all around you without your noticing them. Haydn paints you this or that by means of various qualities and combinations of tone, and various movements ; with wonderful success he calls up images ; you admire the ingenuity and the beauty, but are not inspired.

REVIEW.

[TRANSLATED FOR THE MUSICAL MAGAZINE, FROM THE GERMAN.]

Nouvelles Bagatelles, ou Collection de Morceaux, Faciles et Agréables, pour le Pianoforte, par L. VON BEETHOVEN. Œuvre 112.
Paris, chez Moritz Schlesinger.

The sonata is the most favorable form for the complete musical development of an idea, and we therefore see the greater part of our instrumental compositions thrown into the form of sonatas, concertos and symphonies. But it is not a form adapted to the freer, unrestrained outpourings of thoughts, nor for the expression of ideas, which, without that complete development, appear well worthy to be preserved in some artistic form. These wants created attempts in other forms, and the fantasia, the capriccio, and other styles, were introduced as legitimate species of music, having their own decided character.

The pieces, which Beethoven gives us here, under the almost ironically modest title of Bagatelles, appear to be ideas of the moment,—written without further maturing or development. But they are Beethoven's ideas, and as such, it is to be presumed, that though written down without further study, they cannot fail to be satisfactory. They are, for the greater part, much shorter and less wrought out, than the little interesting Pianoforte compositions of C. W. Von Weber and A. Gerke, and yet they prove how much depth may be contained in so few notes.

They remind us of the better pieces in Sebastian Bach's " Suites"—not by repetitions, which cannot be thought of in so original a composer as Beethoven, but by traits of spiritual relations. The fifth number in particular (c minor, 6-8) is in its strictly kept progression, in the manner of the first and second period in the second part, in its concluding shake, which is retained almost obstinately through the second and third part, a true counterpart to some of the compositions in Bach's " Suites." So also the sixth and eighth Bagatelles. In the latter (c major, 3-4,) the harmony is carried on in four parts, in such a rich and determined manner, as we have only seen in Bach's compositions, and in the twelve Chorals, by Abbot Vogler. (Published by his worthy pupil, C. M. Von Weber.)

These Bagatelles are, in another point of view, interesting to us.

We find in them those peculiar traits, which in Beethoven's greater compositions are more blended into one whole, presented singly; and therefore the more clearly we peep, as it were, into the laboratory of this highly gifted genius. Thus, the first Bagatelle (*g* minor, 3-4, *allegretto*), is, in rhythm, melody and harmony, in the manner of his minuettos, especially of his earlier sonatas, whose simple melodies breathe such a delicate and warm feeling. The expression of this piece might be compared to the melancholy story of a sufferer. The second and third part, (forming the trio of the minuet,) follow consoling and sweetly soothing in *E* flat major; and the repetition of the first part (the minuetto,) concludes the piece. We find even that gradation which Beethoven is so fond of, the forcing of a figure into a form contrary to its rhythm;—(figures in two parts, in a rhythm of three parts.) Among this class we must mention No. 4, (*A* major, 4-4) on account of its sweet motion, and No. 11, on account of its extremely delicate expression of an innocent but deep feeling.

More original images of a more determined state are given in Nos. 2 and 3. In the first (*C* major, 2-4,) a figure in triplets, plays sweetly round the calmly and measuredly progressing main melody. It is more and more extended above and below, and gains the dominion, until it is blended into a euphonic sound, which we meet with so often in Beethoven's latter compositions.

No. 3, (*D* major, 3-8) is an extremely delicate and light dancing melody,—you seem to hear the joyfully warbling lark high in the air, intermingled with the unaffected melodies of the shepherd, until the growing delight rushes out in fuller chords. An equally decided image is given in No. 7, (*C* major, 3-4.) In its violent heart-rending beginning; in the short, careless abruptness; in the entirely contrasting expression of childlike joy, which grows wilder and wilder; and, finally, in the long gradation, carried again to the most exciting violence, you will find the image of a distracted, insane mind, more spiritedly delineated, than ever has been done before within so narrow a space.

No. 10, (*A* major, 2-4,) is, as it were, a euphonic sounding, breathing the higher mysteries of harmony.

It seems, as though Beethoven, in his present separation from the intercourse with men, had received the most delicate as well as the mightiest conception of the musical elements, especially of the concord. His latest compositions, and among them this little piece of only twelve bars, prove it. We should be in danger of destroying

its delicate structure if we ventured to analyze it, for the effect lies in the combination of the whole. Yet we will direct the attention of the player to the strangely contrasting second part, of four bars, after the first part of eight bars has been repeated.

Beethoven is not for the legion of common players. We would, therefore, warn those who shun the trouble of technical application, not to be deceived by the title, easy Bagatelles. They will find places where two fingers have to execute a shake, while others of the same hand have to play a figure below, or above. They will find in No. 8, a piece strictly kept in four parts, where each part requires its full weight and distinctness. All this is not easy—and yet it will, in musical parties, not even be called brilliant, although it gives opportunity for the most delicate touch. But whoever is capable of enjoying the deeper treasures of the art, whoever likes to receive with a willing heart the ideas of our greatest genius, must not be induced by the title, Bagatelles, to overlook these little masterpieces.

MOZART'S LAST MOMENTS.

COMMUNICATED.

[We insert the following sketch with pleasure, for, although it may have been embellished by fancy, yet it speaks truly of the divine spirit that lives within the composer, of the constant relation of his whole being to the art for which he lived. It is well known, that, a few years ago, a fierce contest was raging in the musical scientific world, on the genuineness of Mozart's Requiem; and that there were some, even among the most eminent men, who doubted it, for instance, Gottfried Weber, ascribing it to Mozart's pupil, Sussmuth. It has been, however, since ascertained, that at least the whole outline of it, and even the greater part of the filling up, belongs to Mozart.—ED.]

MOZART.—* * * * The composer threw himself back on his couch, faint and exhausted. His countenance was pale and emaciated, yet there was a strange fire in his eye, and the light of joy on his brow, that told of success. His task was finished, and the melody, even to his exquisite sensibility, was perfect. It had occupied him for weeks; and, though his form was wasting by disease, yet the spirit seemed to acquire more vigor, and already claim kindred with immortality; for oft, as the sound of his own composition stole on his own ear, it bore an unearthly sweetness, that was, to him,

too truly a warning of his future and fast coming doom. Now it was finished, and, for the first time, for many weeks, he sank into a quiet and refreshing slumber. The apartment in which he lay was large, and lighted by a window, in a small recess, that opened to the east; near it his couch was placed; a table, for writing, stood at his feet; and just before him, his favorite, inseparable piano. The window was shaded by a curtain of crimson damask, and, as the sun (which had scarcely attained its meridian) stole through it, there was a rich glow cast upon every object. One beam fell upon the head of the composer, and then passed, appearing to say, "Like this shall your day of life be; bright and glorious; but even so shall it vanish and pass away, though shining in noon tide splendor." A slight noise in the apartment awoke him, when, turning towards a fair young girl who entered, "Emilie, my daughter," said he, "come near me—my task is over—the requiem is finished. My requiem,"—he added, and a sigh escaped him, as present fame and future glory passed in vivid succession through his mind, and the idea, how soon he must leave it all, seemed, for a moment, too hard to endure. "Oh! say not so, my father," said the girl, interrupting him, as tears rushed in her eyes; "You must be better, you look better, for, even now, your cheek has a glow upon it; do let me bring you something refreshing, for you have had nothing this morning, and I am sure we will nurse you well again." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said he; "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From heaven's mercy, alone, can I hope for succor; and it will be granted, my Emilie, in the time of my utmost need; yes, in the hour of death will I claim His help, who is always ready to aid those who trust in Him; and soon, very soon, must this mortal frame be laid in its quiet sleeping place, and this restless soul return to Him who gave it." The tender girl stood in pallid, though mute distress; not a sigh, not a tear escaped her. The idea of death broke so suddenly on her mind, that it checked every mode of utterance, and she gazed upon his countenance as if in a dream.

Death, at any period of life, wears an awful aspect, but never more so than to the youthful heart, whose every step has been that of health and joy, and whose bounding pulse, yet swayed by hope, has never been chilled by the sorrows, or distracted by the doubts and fears, that hang over our earthly existence. Thus it was with Emilie; united by the tenderest sympathy to her father, and living, as it were, in a world of music, no wonder that she beheld death with

terror, as the destroyer of her all—of happiness. The dying father raised himself on his couch—“ You spoke of refreshment, my daughter; it can still be afforded to my fainting soul. Take these notes, the last that I shall ever pen, and sit down to the instrument. Sing with them the hymn so beloved by your mother, and let me once more hear those tones which have been my delight, *my passion*, since my earliest remembrance.” Emilie did as she was desired, and it seemed as if she sought a relief from her own thoughts; for after running over a few chords of the piano, she commenced, in the sweetest voice, the following lines :

“ Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

“ Spirit! look not on the strife
Or the pleasure of earth with regret,—
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life,
To mourn for the day that is set.

“ Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest;
There the weary, like thee,—the wretched, shall find
A haven, a mansion of rest.

“ Spirit! how bright is the road
For which thou art now on the wing?
Thy home it will be, with thy Saviour and God,
Their loud hallelujahs to sing.”

As she concluded the last stanzas, she dwelt, for a few moments, on the low, melancholy notes of the piece, and then waited in silence for the mild voice of her father's praises. He spoke not—and, with something like surprise, she turned towards him. He was laid back upon the sofa, his face, shaded, in part, with his hand, and his form reposed, as if in slumber. Starting with fear, Emilie sprang toward him, and seized his hand; but the touch paralyzed her, for she sunk senseless by his side. He was gone! With the sounds of the sweetest melody ever composed by human thought, his soul had winged its flight to regions of eternal bliss.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Correctly considered, we produce *music*, whether the voice of the inmost soul speaks out in the words of song, or whether the simple breath sounds through the melodious tube, or whether, touched by feeling, the harmonious string vibrates. It is only the communion which takes place in vocal music, between the operations of the soul and the mind, (in regard to revealing the representations, conceptions, and the feelings which these excite,) and the fulness of expression, which this communion seems to produce, that appears to give to vocal music a particular advantage over instrumental music. We say "appears;" for however true it is, that no instrument is capable of so delicate a blending of the tones into each other, or of so infinite a variety of expression of each feeling or passion in their full force and truth, as the human voice, yet there are other qualities peculiar to instruments, which if not fully of equal weight, yet do not allow an unconditional preference to vocal music.

That advantage, however, that in vocal music, besides the soul's expression living in the sounds, the speaking word appeals to our understanding, is so conspicuous, that we can hardly wonder that it is generally preferred, and makes a much deeper and more lasting impression on the hearers, than instrumental music does. We are never satisfied to have our soul moved; we want something to explain this emotion to us, and vocal music does this, for it is lyric and didactic at the same time; and thus, occupying the whole spiritual activity of man, its effect is more a whole, and therefore more powerful than instrumental music, which is merely lyric or elegiac. Vocal music is more easily understood than instrumental, since the latter requires a much higher aesthetic cultivation. We can listen much longer to vocal than to instrumental music, because the former never requires so much exertion as the latter, and must always be kept much more simple, while the latter admits every artistical ornament and embellishment. Vocal music draws its pictures by the words, explaining distinctly, and with characteristic, nay, individual exactness, while instrumental music conceives and presents them only in their general character. Vocal music includes, as well purely human, as artistic principles; instrumental music is all art.

Therefore, song is more natural, and there is more universality in its effect. Vocal music is undoubtedly of more ancient origin than instrumental; for man certainly sang before he played on an instrument; but it being the ideal of what is real in the world, it can never bear so much art as instrumental music, which idealizes what is beyond the world.

QUALITIES OF A GOOD VOICE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. F. HAESER'S CHOIR SINGING SCHOOL.

The human voice is divided into male and female, and each main division into low, middle, and high voices.

The male voice is Bass, Bariton, or Tenor; the female, Alto, Mezzo Soprano, or Soprano.

The Bariton and Alto approach, in regard to compass and character of tone, either the Bass or Soprano, and vocal music being generally written in four parts, it is customary to assume only four kinds of voice, the Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

The requisites for a good voice are generally the same for all these four classes; some of the necessary qualities, however, are more predominant in female, and some in male voices.

A good voice is pure, of a clear, silvery tone, full, strong, of sufficient extension, equal in its tones, flexible and agreeable.

Expressions, such as: a noble, touching voice, speaking to the heart, and full of soul: plainly indicate what is meant by them. But it is difficult to say from what causes such effects of the voice spring. The assertion that the soul of the singer speaks through his tones, is very plausible, and yet it is not unfrequently contradicted by experience. But this is certain, that whoever feels deeply and truly what he sings, and strives to express his feelings in his tones, will awaken the same feeling in his audience, in proportion as he succeeds in true expression.

The singer rarely or never owes to nature alone all the qualities of a good voice; the greater part of them are acquired by study and exercise.

The most common and striking faults of the voice are the following: Its tones may be impure, dull, hollow, a little hoarse or veiled, thin, feeble, limited in compass, uneven; hard, raw, heavy, disagreeable, and shrieking.